

Name: Hanni Najla

State: Sarawak

School: SMK Siburan

Group: 2 (Forms 4-5)

Topic: Baseball, Bald Eagle, U.S. President

### My Rebellious Moment

It is a breezy morning in North Dakota and the cold concrete is softly kissing my cheek. I'm in complete comfort lying on the floor, even though there is a bed provided in the cell. I don't know why, but I just have the urge to not sleep on the bed. Who knows how many prisoners have slept on that bed and do the workers here ever clean the mattress? I get goosebumps just by the thought alone.

Ever since I got here, I vowed to never ever lie on that bed. The officers here ask me why I won't sleep on the bed, and I tell them to get a life. Rude? I know. I guess the rebellious side of me remains. I like it. It makes me feel powerful. Not letting anyone or anything boss me around. It warms my heart.

It has been 3 weeks and 21 days that I've been here. Still, there's not even the slightest regret in me for doing what I did. Not even a little. I am rather glad that I did it. I wanted attention and I sure did get my attention. I was everywhere – on billboard signs, papers, online, huge flat screen televisions on Times Square buildings and even in US history books. Even the President of the United States knows me.

My life was boring. I was a boring girl with a decent family. I was always depressed when it came to school. I was a 'nobody' there. I don't even think they acknowledged my existence until I made a scene – a very big scene.

Being lonely and pushed around had finally made me reach my limits. I was very angry but didn't know how to let it out. I'd been too quiet for too long. I'd been a good girl for too long and it had done nothing but damage – damage to my mentality, damage to my self-esteem, damage to my once soft and pure skin. Yes, I cut – the one thing that I'll never be proud of. I tried to stop, but it was just so addicting. I have a collection of blades in my cabinet. I bet mom never knew that I cut. How could she when I hardly showed my skin to the world? To them, I was just the typical quiet, shy and goodie-two-shoes they passed by. They didn't know that I was actually struggling with myself. Until that one fortunate day, I finally had my rebellious moment.

So, I decided to live my life to the fullest. I didn't care about the consequences that came along with it. All I wanted was to get noticed. So, I searched for the famous things in United States – in Washington, DC, to be precise. I wore my black jacket and headed to the nearest baseball game.

I snuck inside since I was hardly noticeable and didn't face any problem getting into the stadium. Told you, I was invisible.

I stood by the entrance and stalked from afar. Hands buried in the pocket of my jacket. My eyes were glued to the main player, Brian McCann. I waited...and waited...and waited.

Then, it was the second half of the game and the home team was winning. I ran across the field towards Brian, who was about to hit a homerun. The whistle of the referee, the cursing of the coaches and the gasping from the crowds were like music to my ears. My heart was racing, adrenaline was rushing through my veins, and I laughed like a mad woman. I ran my heart out. Brian saw me and he looked confused and scared at the same time. I flashed him an evil smile and snatched his baseball bat when he was off guard and ran away with it. He didn't chase me though. He was too much in shock, I guess.

I made my escape from the stadium and ran as far away as I could. I ran to a corner and stayed hidden from the angry mob that had been chasing me for 40 minutes. I couldn't help but giggle. It tickled me to the bones. This felt great. I finally did something to be remembered by thousands and thousands of people. But, I wasn't finished. I wanted more. I wanted more attention, more of this feeling aside from feeling nothing.

I grinned, knowing where I should go. Good thing that Mr. Obama was out giving a speech to some corporate crowd. I told you I did my research. I was so committed to doing this. I didn't feel scared or nervous at all. I swung the bat in circles, feeling good about myself for once in my life, whistling my way to the White House. I pulled my hoodie up and kept my head down as I arrived at Obama's house. I hid myself in the bushes, scanning the defenses. There weren't much of those huge guards patrolling the area. Lucky!

I walked in the sanctuary and smiled. There was no one in sight. Sure there were some butlers and maids lurking around the hallway. But I got away from them with ease. I went upstairs and began my search for Mr Obama's office. I walked along the hallway, slung the bat on my shoulder and hummed a Beastie Boys' song. My eyes darted on the bronze plate that says 'Office.' *Bingo*. I laughed silently and slowly turned the knob. It budged. Wow, such luck!

I stepped in and locked the door behind me. I stood at the entrance and scanned the room. I inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of a president's room. I sighed heavily. Suddenly, the adrenaline I felt earlier when I was being chased came back to me. I was about to go on a frenzy. I held the bat tightly in my grip and started to swing it around. I didn't care where or what it hit. I just wanted to break stuff. What better than to break into the White House and smash the president's belongings? Well, less caring and more breaking.

So, I smashed, I hit, and I swung the bat all day. Not once did I stop. There wasn't even a bit of tiredness in me. Not even a little. I destroyed everything until I felt satisfied and stopped. I

walked around the room, kicking aside the mess I'd made and leaned on his work table. I cringed when I felt something cold by my hand. I looked to my left and saw a statue. "Well, well, well." I muttered to myself, clapping my hands.

It was a bald eagle statue – and a big one at that. "This is going to be a treat," I said as I held the bat, ready for round two. I swung but paused when something else came to mind. I grinned and looked for a marker. Yes, it was quite childish of me for doing this. I didn't care. I found myself a permanent black marker in one of the drawers and took off the cap.

I started to doodle on the statue and wrote things that weren't too lady-like. Once I was done, I sat myself on the chair where President Obama put his bottom. I rested my legs on the table and leaned back in his chair. The room was definitely a mess. Just the way I liked it.

A few hours passed, and finally I heard the knob turn. Surprise, surprise – it was none other than President Barack Obama himself. His eyes widened, the usual smile on his face faded away. He froze by the door when he saw me. I smiled as I spread my arms.

"Welcome home. Do you like what I did to the room? I put in a lot of effort, you know?" I said, pouting at him. His mouth slightly opened. He pressed his lips in frustration and stomped one foot. "Call the police, now!" he ordered the person standing behind him. He quickly obeyed and moments later I heard the sirens buzzing outside. I glanced outside the window and saw a fleet of police cars surrounding the house. Then, I smirked at him.

"Well, then. Thank you for your hospitality," I teased, half bowing. Seconds later, a bunch of cops came crashing in. They grabbed my neck and held me down, pressing me on the table. One of them handcuffed me and took me away. I gave the president one last smirk and the next thing I knew, I was in North Dakota's best prison. Still, there's not the slightest regret in me. Never was and never will be.

Everybody has their own rebellious moments. And I'm sure that mine was the best so far.